

THE GREEN CALDRON

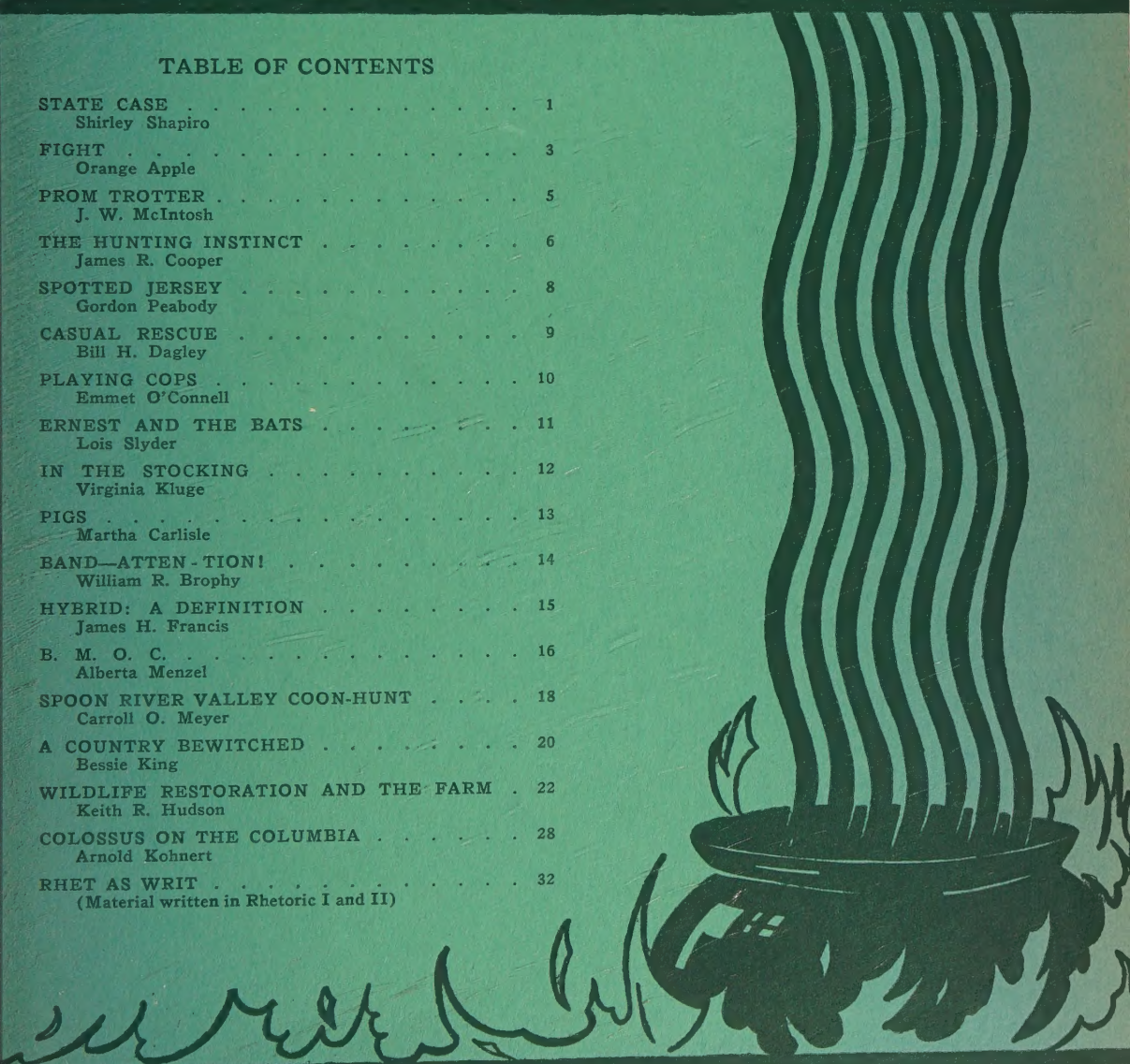
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State Case

SHIRLEY SHAPIRO

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1940-1941

"THIS is Lupe."

Lupe didn't acknowledge the introduction. She turned her face toward the wall and closed her eyes, so that all I could see was a tangle of straight, inky hair and a pink ribbon above the sheet.

"She'll warm up to you when I leave the room," the nun promised me. "Lupe!"

The tangle of hair moved and the two blackest of all eyes opened wide and distrustfully. They closed slowly and Lupe said nothing.

"I think you'll get along. She's very friendly," the nun insisted. "She knows only a few words of English, but it isn't hard to make her understand."

Again the tangle moved.

"Lupe. Want to hear a story?"

The tangle stirred negatively. I began to doubt whether this four-year-old Mexican baby had any intention of being friendly.

"Lupe. Want to play dolls?"

Lupe's eyes looked through the nun and through me; they wandered aimlessly around the room. They stopped for a moment at a far corner of the ceiling, then went on to the opposite wall. Nothing held them. They glanced past my red dress, and I gave up hope. When I visit the hospital to amuse the children, I always wear my red dress because it attracts their attention and gives me an opening to some sort of conversation about clothes or favorite colors. Lupe dismissed the red dress. My self-confidence dropped, and Lupe closed her eyes again, as if to discourage me completely.

Sister Katherine must have decided just then that Lupe and I would be great

pals at any moment, for she swished out of the room. I walked over to the bed and stood there foolishly.

"Lupe." All in a second I felt that I had spoken much too loudly, I had mispronounced the name, I would like to go home, and I wanted to make Lupe laugh. There was no response. I sat down on the chair near the bed and opened my picture book.

"Oh, look at the bunny. What color is a bunny? Blue? (*Heliotrope? This isn't doing our Pan-American relations any good, you devil.*) Here's an elephant with big ears and a long trunk . . . see? And there's a horse with a tail." I was talking to myself. (*"Come on, toots; I'm supposed to be amusing you, not myself."*) Oh, look at the pig! Isn't that funny?" I forced a laugh. "That's funny!"

"Dot's fawnee!" I was startled out of my soliloquy by the repeated phrase—half Mexican accent, half baby talk. The tangle of hair turned and Lupe squinted in an unmistakable smile; then, looking straight at me, she broke into a satanic grin.

"You little devil," I said, nervously.

"Dot's fawnee!" Lupe laughed out loud and I knew she was teasing me. I felt better. Here was a four-year-old with a sense of humor, even if she couldn't speak English. I began to turn the pages of the picture book again, and Lupe pointed to each new page and laughed at the:

"Elephant running."

"Aylphun ronning."

"Bunny rabbit."

"Bawnee rapt."

"Purple cow . . . oh, that's funny!"

"Dot's fawnee!" Lupe's giggling was low; it came from somewhere near her stomach and rose spasmodically to her mouth, where it issued from the corners in tiny explosions.

"Would you like to color the pictures?" I asked, holding out a crayon so that she would understand. I wasn't sure that Lupe was able to use her hands; so many of these state wards were complete cripples, even paralyzed to such an extent that they could not talk. I waited an instant; Lupe drew one hand from under the sheet and took the crayon. It was a green one, but she immediately reached out and covered a page of dogs with irregular strokes, like blades of tall grass.

For an hour we looked at the book. I turned the pages and Lupe colored violet chickens and yellow horses and pink rabbits with the same reckless, uncontrolled scrawl. She grew too warm and pushed the sheet back in a crumpled ball against the wall; she was wearing a regulation split-up-the-back muslin gown, and it made her body look very small, her face very brown. Both legs were in casts, and she was strapped to a long, wide board so that she would not try to move her back. I don't know whether she had any pain, even any feeling, in her body below the waist; but she seemed to be alive only from the waist upward. Her eyes were most alive. I would have given anything to know what lay behind some of their expressions! I know she could understand almost nothing of what I said; yet there was no look of questioning in her eyes. Possibly she thought I was the one who didn't know a language; after all, she named the pictures in words of her own, words her family would have understood . . . and when I told her the English names she re-

peated them patiently. Still, she must have felt superior to me, for she knew that "bunny" and "cow" and "elephant" were things I made up; those weren't really their names.

I couldn't tell whether she had ceased to tease me or was merely humoring me. I know her laughter became more spontaneous and higher pitched until I was sure she knew some joke I could never know. Then she began to address herself to me. She pointed to her pink ribbon.

"Dot's fawnee."

I laughed and nodded, and she laughed and nodded back. I picked out a pink crayon and handed it to her.

"Pink. Pink ribbon on the horse?" I suggested, pointing to the picture of a new page. She handed me the crayon and I put a ribbon on the horse's tail.

"Just like Lupe. See? Isn't that funny?"

"Dot's fawnee."

At four o'clock the nun came back to tell me that the visiting hours were over.

"Are you having a good time, Lupe?"

Lupe's eyes lost their life, her smile drooped, and she turned toward the wall again.

"Thank the nice girl for coming to see you, Lupe!"

There was no answer. The nun sighed impatiently.

"Oh, Lupe has no manners today. I know she loves to have people visit her, though."

We turned to leave the room, but when we heard a high squeak and a giggle, both of us turned to see what Lupe was doing. She was pointing at my red dress. She opened her eyes wider than ever and her nose wiggled with excitement.

"Dot's fawnee!" she exploded—and closed her eyes and turned to the wall.

Fight

ORANGE APPLE

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1940-1941

BILL gulped down his beer. He drew a deep breath. "Goddamit, my chicken's better than that dunghill of yours, an' a huntert dollars says it's so." The alcoholic flush in Shorty's face deepened. "Call Fireboy a dunghill, will you? Iffen you put southern gaffs on that sick rooster of yours he couldn't win. I'll take the bet."

As Bill drove down the road he began to wonder if he had done right. With each blast of cold fresh air through the car window his doubt grew. Back at The Pit everything had seemed simple; he knew his cock could win and a hundred dollars was a small sum. But out here in the cold night, with the reassuring influence of alcohol turning into a tired, sick feeling, he was uncertain. Suppose his cock didn't win. Business at the roadstand was none too good, and Martha was always nagging him about the birds.

Thank God, here was his place at last. He turned into the driveway, killed the motor, and slumped behind the wheel. Jesus, he was tired! His head throbbed, his stomach jerked to the same rhythm. He'd put the car in the garage tomorrow—right now he wanted to sleep. He opened the door, stepped out. God, but the cool gravel felt nice against his face. He couldn't lie here all night though. He got up, found the house door, opened it, and made his way to the bedroom. He stripped to his underwear and crawled in, the springs protesting his weight. His wife groaned. He slept.

. . . .

Never had the patch of sun on the floor moved so slowly, and when it

finally disappeared the clock slowed down. Why, the last three times he had looked it said 8:30. He brought a customer a hamburger, looked again; at last it was time. He walked through the kitchen.

"I'm leaving, Martha."

"Go ahead," she snapped.

She hadn't said much today—still mad, he guessed. He walked out to the runs, and entered the tar-papered shack. He stood in the narrow aisle a minute, then opened a small door, reached in, and pulled out Joe Louis. He admired the bird's trim body, the way the light gleamed on his brown feathers. Everything useless was gone—the comb, the excess wing feathers, the spurs. He walked over to the exercise table and tossed the bird a few times. Then he reached up to a shelf, took down a small leather case, and opened it. The two bits of metal shone bright in the light of the single bulb. He began to hone them. As he worked he watched the cock strut about on the table. There was no mistake, the bird was good—he couldn't lose. He finished, laid the gaffs on the velvet and snapped the case shut. He caught Joe Louis and crated him.

The long drive to the barn, where the mains were to be held, bolstered his confidence. He parked his car with the others and entered the building, carrying the crated rooster. They had a big crowd tonight—big shots and society people from Chicago, farmers from the surrounding country, and men like himself, who had game cocks to fight. He greeted his many friends, and stopped to talk with one of them, a mechanic from the

city, who raised cocks. Then he made his way to the judge's stand.

"Hello, Sheriff."

"Hello, Bill. I been talking to Shorty, an' yours is gonna be the first bout. Let's weigh your chicken."

He took the rooster out of the crate and placed him on the scales. The weight was right. Bill took the leather case out of his pocket and began to fix the gaffs. Carefully he wound the strips of oiled leather around the stump of the bird's spur. The gaffs had to go on just so.

Bill climbed down into the pit, heard the judge announcing the names of the birds and their handlers, noticed by the upraised hands in the crowd that the betting was heavy. People hereabouts knew his birds. He held Joe Louis out and let him take a few preliminary pecks at Shorty's bird. A word from the judge and he let go. The birds rushed forward and met in a tangle of feathers. They

beat each other's wings, thrust and parried jabs. Shaking with excitement, Bill watched. They had slowed down now, were fighting coldly, methodically; but when an opening appeared, always it was Joe Louis that leaped in and struck.

Then it came. Joe Louis sprang high in the air, driving down on the other's back. The gleaming gaffs disappeared from view. He'd won—the hundred dollars was his. The game cocks rolled over, turning and twisting. They separated. The other bird was dying. Bill felt a grin spreading over his face. But suddenly Shorty's bird leaped forward, striking wildly in its dying flurry. A spur pierced Joe Louis's head, and he died at once. The other bird lurched halfway around the ring and fell dead too.

Bill heard the judge's voice clearly. "The last bird on his feet and the winner, Fireboy, handled by Shorty Gates."

What would he say to his wife?

Direct from Broadway

Now if you've ever been in a one-act play with innumerable scenes, (or if you've ever seen one) you're aware of the fact that if the changes aren't made much sooner than you can think of Rumpelstiltskin's name, it's just too bad. So we make quick changes. This works out just fine when the person changing from one of these yarded costumes has a little aid. I always did have—our bargain hunter usually pinned me together. (We never even attempted to use the buttons.)

Well, on this fatal night, I tore into the shirt and blouse, straight-pinned the blouse front together, and with the customary huge diaper-pin I fastened the back of me. This was for the scene in which the villain, played by our harried director, chases the poor heroine, me, around and around the table.

Usually, he placed his foreboding walking cane on the table. But being worried about his wife, he leaned it against the table.

He started after me. I started around the table. Something was scratching—I peered down. The front of me was coming open. I held it together. Once around the table. I felt something sticking me in back. I glanced down. My skirt had fallen to the position of a hula-dancer's. With my free hand, I clutched it up and started my plea for "Help!" Then I tripped over the propped-up cane.

Something had happened backstage to detain the hero, who was to come in to save me. I think it can truthfully be said that the audience was rolling in the aisles. They actually thought it was funny. There I was—stuck on all sides, grabbed at from behind, and tripped from the front. Finally amidst unwarranted applause, the hero arrived.—BETTY STEINER

Prom Trotter

J. W. McINTOSH

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1939-1940

"MAY I CUT?"

I tapped the back of a black dinner jacket. The pasty face turned reluctantly, washed-out eyes glared balefully—but he let her go. Rae came into my arms, smiling her charming smile, as she had come into so many others' arms in the past five years.

She had been my brother Bill's date five years ago when Bill was a senior at Dartmouth. She was just seventeen then, the prettiest deb of the season in the Westchester crowd. Since then she had not missed a Dartmouth Winter Carnival, a Princeton "Houseparties," or a Williams Carnival, and now she was plebeian enough to come to a Cornell Prom.

Five years ago she was the date of the season, and for a big dance you'd ask her months ahead. Now she was fair game for any fellow who went to one of the "better" schools.

She arched her back a little so that she could talk. "How's Bill?"

"Fine. He's a proud father now."

Her "Oh" was noncommittal.

"You know, John, you've always seemed like a kid brother to me." The black eyes sparkled. "But you're not, are you? Two more years and you'll be a great big engineer. Are you going to build bridges and skyscrapers?"

"Yes," I said. She could hardly be expected to remember that I was an electrical engineer.

"I was up at Dartmouth last week. Billy Reynolds—you know him, Johnny, don't you?"

"Yes, I saw you there."

"Why how silly of me to forget. You

skied didn't you? Are you as good as Bill?"

"Bill's mark still is tops for the run. Reynolds will be a good skier, though. Otto Schniebs has whipped him into shape in a hurry."

We danced on in silence. How different Rae was from the girl Bill used to go with. Not different in any real way. It was a relative difference, a difference in intensity. Then she had been a lovely kid, black hair and eyes. The hair was as black and bright as ever, but the eyes were faded. She seemed diluted, like the last cocktail from the shaker.

"Williams had a nice carnival three weeks ago. Did you ski there?"

"No."

"Fred Hawkins asked me up. Fred lives in Albany. You know him, don't you?"

I knew him.

"They had Glenn Miller there. What a swell band he has, real rhythm. And did Fred get tight!—only a few drinks, too. I can't understand it." She rattled on. "This is a lovely school, Johnny. The lake looks so pretty when it's frozen. And looking down on the town from the hill—it's just like fairyland. You boys are lucky you can go to a real school, no Sarah Lawrence or Bryn Mawr lady stuff."

"Sometimes we *work* here, too."

"I'll be glad when May is here. Princeton's 'Houseparties' are such fun, and I've just met the cutest boy that goes there. He's from Illinois, or Texas, or somewhere. He's so serious—says he's there to study. He's cute though. Anyway I'll work him for a bid. It will be

nice to go with him—lots of wide-open-space ideas—and simple—. But he's sweet. Maybe this is the real thing. Do you think so, Johnny?"

"I hope so, Rae. Something should happen to you. You've been chasing proms ever since Bill had you up to Dartmouth. You've gone crazy like the rest of Westchester. You're afraid to admit that your deb days are over. You keep chasing around to any damn club or school, keep chasing boys three and four years younger than you. You'd go with anyone before you'd miss a party."

"You sound like Brother Bill. What am I supposed to do—sit home and carry pipes and slippers for one man, when I can have a hell of a lot of fun playing the field?" The black eyes sparkled again; her face became alive.

Then the eyes softened. "You're cute when you get angry, Johnny. You're like Bill only you have pretty blue eyes and his were brown. I think you're nice—you're so . . . so refreshing."

"Cut." The hand of good fortune fell on my shoulder. "Gladly," I murmured. I turned, and hurried to the stag line.

The Hunting Instinct

JAMES R. COOPER

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1940-1941

I HAVE the hunting instinct. I refuse to say whether I feel proud of it or ashamed. Probably I cannot help the fact that while I love wild animals I also love to kill them.

The American ideal of sportsmanship in hunting is supposed to be derived from that of the red man. Hiawatha thrilled to see his buck give a mighty convulsive leap when the arrow drove home; yet pleasure was to him always secondary to necessity. If I have a code of hunting ethics, it may appear in the telling of one of my hunting adventures.

One day last winter I borrowed my brother's shotgun and walked eastward from the house to a grove of barren osage orange snags. My memory and instinct told me that here was the nearest good cover for rabbit or pheasant. I would explore the bases of the creaking hedge trees and the protected places in clumps of grass, beside rotting logs, by

fence posts, where a canny bunny might choose to bed down. Then, from this starting point I would traverse a well-planned, methodical circuit of our farm.

Like Hiawatha, I moved quietly and unhurriedly, wishing to detect game before flushing it. I searched carefully, but without visible reward, while in the grove. When I had explored every protected cranny, I stepped lightly over the fence and moved away from the grove, walking in long, snow-scraping strides. My eyes searched the fencerow as it glided past me. White landscape was the only landscape that morning. For weeks the good Illinois wheat soil had been frozen—gray, hard, and unyielding, bare to the lashing winds and the blank sky. But in the night, new and beautiful snow had disguised and enveloped it in loveliness. Living, cool draughts of air poured in through my nostrils, and thick animal steam puffed out from them. Life

pleased me. But I was bent on destroying life.

Abruptly I was aware of an exciting spot in the snow not five paces dead ahead, where a brown fringe showed distinctly above a deep impression in the snow. I stopped in the middle of a stride, clasping my gun with both hands diagonally across my body, ready to throw it to my shoulder and fire. Stealthily I backed away a few steps, turned, partially circled the prey, and advanced on him from the direction he faced. This brought me to an ideal position. I could start him up, then quickly take him with the gun, no matter which way he went. I looked at him and hesitated.

This rabbit was not of the timid type which so often has failed to escape my search by taking refuge in the advantage of dark shaded spots and protective coloration. This was a competent, experienced fellow. He had assumed a crouching position in the open, his brown coat plain against the snow. Here he could see for four dozen long hops on any side. If his enemy were a dog, he would see it coming and bound lightly down the adjacent fencerow. The dog would never see him, for it hunts with eyes intent on the snow beneath its nose. And if the rabbit were seen he could easily foil the dog by sewing his tracks from one side of the fence to the other.

As rabbits probably know, a human hunter seeks always to find game in thick cover, never on open snow-covered spots. But unluckily for my rabbit, he had not anticipated that he should lie in my direct path. No doubt I looked quite harmless as I clumped along the fencerow. I must have seemed to be just another of those huge, obvious beings that lumber along in a single direction, seeing nothing except what they stumble over. The rab-

bit, hesitating to leave his comfortable squat, sat motionless and waited for me to pass him by unnoticed.

But I had seen him. Surely he knew he was discovered. Yet he crouched, tense with a fear of the strange enemy which did not rush at him to crush his back in red jaws. Just for an instant, pity and sympathy, even a sense of love and understanding, rose high in me. No twitch of his body betrayed his readiness for instant action. There were only two great, warm eyes looking from a spot in the snow, eyes pitifully afraid, yet questioning—gazing full upon me, sensing my purpose, but still searching, imploring. My eyes looked at the dark eyes in the snow and my resolution began to waver. It seemed to me that I should never forget those eyes if I made them close in death.

Then I brought myself to reality with a stiffening jerk. I had come out to kill meat for supper. I was carrying a gun—not an instrument of manslaughter, but a hunting gun—an instrument of the old American sport of bagging wild game for food. The rabbit had wounded my vanity by appealing to my conscience. The gates of mercy swung shut, excluding the little brown rabbit. I would avenge the mental injury which his innocent eyes had silently done me.

Moving forward, I deliberately kicked snow toward him. He started up and bounded rapidly along the fence. The gun in my hand crashed, and my victim made a high somersault, then fell on his side. Twice he quivered all over, then lay still. I walked to the spot where his body lay. I was proud of my marksmanship.

One great brown eye bulged from the little brown head, staring aimlessly at the sky. Warm red blood dripped into the white snow.

Spotted Jersey

GORDON PEABODY

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1940-1941

SANDY is the best cow dog in the neighborhood. He could chase any cow through any gate he desired, until we bought old Spotted Jersey. She was never "dog broke," and I suspect she never will be.

Spot is a gentle cow, but she allows no other animal to boss her. She likes to stand idly in the shade of the willow clusters, lazily swaying from side to side, and chewing rhythmically on her cud, as she stares sleepily across the blue-grass pasture. Her sleepy brown eyes seldom move when I approach. She remains indolently motionless except for the incessant cud-chewing and an occasional switching of her tail. When I slap her on the rump with an accompanying, "Get along there, Spot," she awakes. Glancing slowly around at me, as if she were saying, "Where did you come from?" she slowly turns her back and labors toward the big red dairy barn over the hill. The other Jerseys follow her to the barn.

Sandy used to go with me to bring in the cows, but the first day Spotted Jersey was in the pasture, she broke him of that habit. I went to Spot first that day to start the cows home; Sandy was dashing wildly about me. Spot was standing under a clump of willows—swaying, and chewing, and dreaming. When we approached half way down the hill, Spot, staring straight ahead, suddenly stopped chewing. Sandy, who had been watching her very closely, edged nearer to me. When we sauntered nearer, Spot unexpectedly turned. Her mild brown eyes flashed anger and hatred as she violently shook her head at Sandy. Lowering her head, she bel-

lowed deep in her throat and lunged beyond me toward Sandy, who had just decided that he had an engagement at the barn and was consequently high-tailing it in that direction. Spot, gathering speed, bellowed again, and the entire herd took up the chase.

The enraged cows turned Sandy back toward the middle of the pasture. Running in a wide circle and jumping a ditch, he finally reached the barnyard fence. Although unaccustomed to jumping, he easily cleared the five-foot board fence. Then sitting on his haunches across the strong fence from the bellowing cows, he repeatedly panted and barked at the infuriated, pawing spotted Jersey.

Realizing that pawing the dust would not bother the dog, Spot finally calmed down. Soon she forced her way through the crowding, curious cows, and after drinking thirstily from the huge cement watering tank, she again became the quiet, tranquil cow who had been swaying contentedly in the pasture a minute before. Resuming her cud-chewing, she ignored the other Jerseys, ignored the barking dog, and stared dreamily across the pasture.

. . . .

I had been so engrossed in reading *The Grapes of Wrath* that I had grown tired. At the end of a chapter, I glanced casually away from the book. My sight immediately fell upon the face of the girl who was sitting across the table from me. She wasn't studying, but was staring into the depths of the closely grained table-top before her. Her big brown eyes were shining softly, and gazing in meditative thoughtfulness.

With her tongue she caressed a large wad of gum, twisting and turning it over and over. Each time she rolled the gum, her lower jaw dropped; then rhythmically, in a sweeping, circular motion, she clamped her teeth shut on the gum; after forcing the wad to a different part of her mouth, she began to repeat the whole sequence of movements all over again.

I grinned as I gazed at the twisting motions she made. "It's a lot like old Spotted Jersey does it," I thought. When

I grinned, she glanced up. Seeing me staring at her, she glared indignantly. The soft brown eyes lost their thoughtfulness; now they flashed dark anger across the table. She had ceased the rhythmical chewing in the intensity of her anger.

I grinned sheepishly; I couldn't help it. "She changed just like Spot did when Spot first saw Sandy," I mused. Again I looked at the girl. She was chewing methodically—ignoring my presence just as Spot ignored Sandy's.

Casual Rescue

BILL H. DAGLEY

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1940-1941

THE first day I ever wore a life-guard jersey, I strutted along the hot sandy beach as if I knew all the answers and as if this life-guarding was old stuff to me. But down deep inside I felt lost, and I halfway realized the responsibility which I had accepted, responsibility for the lives of all those people who were frolicking about and enjoying one of those rare days in June. I walked out on the dam, where most of the guards were posted. The dam, which is about three feet high and four feet wide, divides the shallow pool from the deep pool.

"You're new here, aren't you?" asked one of the guards.

"Yeah," I said, trying not to act too thrilled.

"What's your name?"

"Dagley. Bill Dagley."

"Mine's Ed Toban. Glad to know you, Bill."

Ed was about six feet two inches tall, sun-tanned like a model for a Coca-Cola advertisement. He never looked away

from the bathers in the pool all during our conversation.

"You'll like it here," he continued, "and once you get in, you're set."

I gathered that he meant if I voted for Roosevelt, I'd be set.

"Ever guard before?" he asked, still keeping his eyes peeled to the water.

"Nope."

"That's bad. If you've never had any experience, this place is—"

Then suddenly, as if shot from a cannon, he sprang from the dam. He dived parallel to the water, keeping his head erect and his eyes straight ahead. His body slapped the water, making a terrific splash, but only one thing mattered. Get there! His legs pounded powerfully at the water, and his arms stretched at each stroke as if to reach for the victim. He dug and pulled at the water with all the strength that was in his arms. Then I spotted the person in difficulty. No cry of help was uttered. It was a choking, screaming cry of terror. I could see only a face looking skyward, and two arms

struggling against the depths of the water—clutching, grasping for something, anything! But nothing was there. When Ed was about three yards away from the unfortunate fellow, he went into a surface dive. Both bodies disappeared from sight. A second later, two heads broke the surface of the water together. Ed had a firm grip over the victim's right shoulder, across his chest, and under his left arm pit. By that time, another guard had arrived at the spot with a boat. Luckily, the victim was still conscious. He and Ed clung to the side

of the boat while the other guard rowed them in to shore.

It all happened so quickly that I believe I was more excited than any one of the trio. My heart was beating double time, and I was trying to think of something that I should have done to help out. Ed climbed back on the dam, picked up a towel, and began briskly drying himself.

"How's the water?" I asked jokingly, trying to cover up my nervousness.

"Dunno," came a quick, panting reply. "Wasn't in long enough to tell."

Playing Cops

EMMET O'CONNELL

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1940-1941

OUR big black sedan, labeled "Chief of Police," rounded the corner and slid over to the wrong side of the street. Fortunately there were no cars coming from the opposite direction.

"Take it a little slower, Bob," I ordered in my most authoritative tone. "Maybe some kids will try to hitch their sled on behind and we can pinch them."

It was Boy's Day—the one day of each year that mere kids are allowed to take over the public offices of the city. I had been appointed Chief of Police for the day and I was determined to make at least one arrest. So a few of my subordinate patrolmen and myself were cruising about in the Chief's special car, hoping to find a law-breaker. We had had an all-night drizzle, followed by freezing temperature, and as a result the streets were very slippery.

"Drive over to the west side of the tracks," I ordered. "There's nothing doing on this side."

"There's a bunch of kids with their sleds standing on that corner," said someone in the back seat. "Take it easy going past. Maybe we'll get one."

"O. K. You watch out the back and let me know."

"Just keep going the way you are. That's fine. Here comes one! No—he stopped. No, he didn't! He's on!"

"Keep on going and pull over to the curb just before you get to the corner," I said.

When the car came to a stop, I jumped out and confronted the surprised youngster.

"Say, Buddy," I said, flashing my gold badge, "don't you know you're violating a city ordinance? You come along with me. We'll see what the judge has to say about this!"

By the time we reached the City Hall the unfortunate youngster was pale with fright. When the judge called for our case, I leaped to my feet and presented

the situation in the most complicated legal terms I knew, recommending the maximum punishment. After much deliberation, his Honor, better known to us as Jimmy O'Brien, looked up with a scowl and ordered the defendant to rise. With shaking limbs, the defendant stood up. The judge gave him a severe lecture on all the trouble he might have caused or got into. He ended it with a dismissal.

"Since this is your first offense," he said, "we'll overlook it. But don't let it happen again, mind you. You might not get off as easy the second time."

At this the lad's eyes opened wide. He grabbed his sled and made a dash for the door. Suddenly he stopped, turned, made a face. "To hell with you guys," he yelled, and scampered quickly through the door.

Ernest and the Bats

LOIS SLYDER

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1940-1941

IT was evident from the first that Ernest resented the bats. My uncle's home was built during the Revolutionary War, and it is no wonder that it contained an intricate chimney system which bats loved to explore. Even we guests, new to Connecticut, could understand this and see the humor in the situation when a black shadow would come fluttering out of the fireplace. But it was Ernest, the butler, who had to exterminate them. No one could look very dignified swatting at bats, and if there was anything that Ernest resented, it was losing even the smallest portion of his dignity.

At all hours of the day, he was the soul of propriety. He never moved faster than necessary, never spoke a superfluous word, and went quietly and efficiently about his work. He seldom varied his uniform black trousers and coat, stiff-front shirt, and black bow tie. Ernest had a carefully planned program for each day, so swatting bats down and sweeping them into the long-handled dust pan upset his schedule of action as well as his dignity.

The day we arrived was unseasonably cool, and fires had been built in all the fireplaces, upstairs and down. Ernest had been chasing bats all day at spasmodic intervals as the heat drove them from their hiding places. At dinner, the conversation switched to his unusual dexterity at the "game," but we could tell by his pained expression that it made him uncomfortable to have the subject mentioned, even though his superiority in the field was unchallenged.

The evening passed without the appearance of any more bats, and by bedtime we had all forgotten about them. My cousin and I were sitting peacefully before the fire in her bedroom when, without warning, two bats darted past our noses from the fireplace. I jumped up and dashed for cover while Nan started to push the buzzer frantically for Ernest. She was so frightened that she made a terrible racket! In a moment the door burst open and there stood Ernest with the fire extinguisher. His conservative gray pajamas showed beneath the hem of his dressing robe and his thin, sparse hair stood on end all

about his head. Only the previous week, Nan had rung like that when the rug before her fireplace had merrily begun to blaze.

For a moment, Ernest stood and looked about the room, but when he sighted the bats, a look of consternation came over him. He glanced down at his apparel, then at the extinguisher; then, turning suddenly, he disappeared from view.

Puzzled, we waited, warily keeping one eye on the wild creatures, who had

withdrawn into the darkest corner of the room.

About five minutes later, we heard a soft knock at the door, and when my cousin answered she found Ernest waiting calmly outside. His hair was carefully combed, and he had donned his black trousers and coat, his stiff-front shirt and his bow tie. Clutched resolutely in his hands were the broom and the long-handled dust pan.

"Did you want me, Miss Nancy?" he asked.

In the Stocking

VIRGINIA KLUGE

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1940-1941

TINA heard the sound of sharp bitter words coming from the woodshed. Otto was reprimanding Louis again, "Vy do you go out hunting ven you know there is vork needs to be done? Every day and every day. Some day I tell you, 'Get out!'"

Then there was silence. Tina watched her son walk rapidly away from Otto. When Louis was out of sight she hurried out to the shed. Over and over she kept thinking, "Otto must not get so excited. The big doctor in Minneapolis said it was bad for his heart. Otto must not get so excited." She found her husband sitting on an old sawhorse, deep in thought.

Carefully she said, "Otto, you must not let Louis worry you; he is a goot boy underneath. He vill help us ven he gets a little older."

Otto grunted non-committally. He got up and they walked slowly back to the house. Tina started to prepare supper, while Otto sat in the old armchair in the

corner of the kitchen and watched her listlessly. When the meal was ready they sat down. Louis had not returned yet, but he would soon—he always did about bedtime.

"How much money do ve haf in the stocking now?" Otto asked after a while.

"Almost vun hundred dollars," Tina replied proudly.

"Goot, goot!" Otto exclaimed, reaching for the corn bread. "Soon Louis und I vill start building the new room."

After supper was over and the dishes were done they pulled their favorite chairs close to the big kitchen range. Tina languidly darned socks while Otto talked about the new room he planned to add to the house. They were startled to hear the clock in their bedroom strike ten. Their thoughts turned to Louis. He should be home by now. Just then the telephone rang. Two short rings and three long: the call was for them. Tina jumped up to answer it. It was Louis.

She heard him say, "Ma, Becky Hall

and I just got married. We're at the railroad station. Becky is sick of small towns so we're going to Minneapolis. May I borrow the money you and Pa saved? I'll pay it back."

Tina paused. Then she said hastily, "No, no, not that."

"I've already got it, Ma. But I'll pay you back as soon as I get a job. Honest I will." Louis' voice seemed to be com-

ing from a far distance. She heard a mumbled "Goodbye."

Tina hung up the receiver, and returned to the kitchen.

"Who was it?" asked Otto.

"Just wrong number," she responded, thinking, "I can't tell Otto yet, not tonight anyway." She started to mix the bread dough for the following day. It would have to set overnight.

Pigs

MARTHA CARLISLE

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1940-1941

SWEAT dripped off my face. My new shirt stuck to me. My hands were smeared and my shoes muddy. My wet hair strung over my face. But it didn't matter—I was showing pigs. I eased my pig around in front of the judge. A boy in a blue shirt tapped his pig lightly and caught the judge's eye. I moved near and tapped mine. Her head went down; her back arched beautifully; her ears lay next to her head; she stood well up on her toes. She was the pride of my life—this smooth, dark red, Duroc Jersey gilt. But twenty other Durocs were in the pen too, and among them that big, clean, stylish one, belonging to the boy in the blue shirt. His pig looked at mine and grunted. The judge seemed puzzled as he looked from one pig to the other. His eyes shone; he brushed a smile from his face. He pushed his hat back and scratched his head. A low chuckle came from the crowd standing around the pen. I glanced up and saw my mother and dad standing with anxious, yet amused, looks on their faces. My little sister was chewing her fingernails; my younger brother unconsciously pulled at his ear.

Neighbor farmers crowded around the ring, and one of them smiled at me.

The judge poked the other pig with his cane. It moved slowly and stylishly across the ring. Mine brushed past the judge and turned, giving him a side view of herself. Her body was deep and her head broad, but her legs were a little too long, and her body stretched too much when she walked. I looked out of the corner of my eye at the boy in the blue shirt. He wiped the sweat from his face with his shirt sleeve. He anxiously kept one eye on the judge and one on his pig. I glanced up at the judge. He moved around the two pigs for a final decision. I swallowed a few times. My stomach felt empty. I breathed in short, quick breaths, and heard my heart thumping fast and hard. There wasn't a sound. Everyone waited. Only the judge stirred as he studied the two pigs. I was tense, and the sweat dripped off my chin. My hands trembled.

The judge sighed. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. He moved across the pen to the man with the ribbons and said something that we

couldn't hear. The man nodded his head and fumbled through the box. He pulled out a blue ribbon and came toward the boy in the blue shirt and me. He handed it to me and smiled.

Each person drove his pig back to its individual pen. As I was leaning over

the partition and feeling pretty proud of my pig, somebody came up behind me. I turned around. The boy in the blue shirt stood there with a big grin on his face. He slapped me on the back and said, "Nice goin', Sis. Sure glad we could keep it in the family."

Band—Atten - tion!

WILLIAM R. BROPHY

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1940-1941

WITH a third cornet part being blown into my left ear, a French horn part into my right ear, and into both ears the musical conceptions of some 160 other band members, I vainly try to remember what I am supposed to do next. The letter that I and some twenty or thirty are making is, to one with a good imagination, **L**.

All at once the music stops. The drummers tap lightly on the drum shells, and everyone starts moving.

"Brophy, you belong up there. Get going!" I go. More music. Frantically I fish for the score of the number they're playing now. I get it up just in time to stop playing. Suddenly everyone starts playing again. But they stand still and play. Then without even fair warning, they start marching. Naturally, I am caught unaware. The first thing I know, the man behind me runs into me. The man behind him runs into him.

A whistle blows. The loudspeaker roars. "You *must* step off on the *first* beat after the introduction. On the *first* beat!" That's Mr. Hindsley's voice.

The drums pound loudly for five beats. The "roll-off." We, or rather they, start playing again. This time, by deep concentration, I manage to start marching with the rest of the band.

"Brophy, guide right!"

"Brophy, guide left!"

"You're ahead of the line."

"Brophy, cover off the man in front of you!"

At last we are serenely marching down the field. Six steps to five yards—just the way they taught me.

Then all at once a confusing thing happens. Those in the front end of the band start doing column movements toward each other. Oh, yes. I remember now. This is what they call a counter-march. When I am supposed to march in the half circle turn, I obediently follow the man in front of me. Nobody says anything; I must be doing it all right. Just then a trombone player going in the opposite direction reaches for sixth position and jabs me in the stomach. Slightly ruffled, but none the worse, I continue to follow the path blazed by the man ahead of me. Destiny does not hold that I shall continue on my way unmoled, however. A bass drum player violently waving a club (some call it a drum stick) takes a vicious swing at my head. He misses by inches.

Through with this ordeal, we march down the field singing. "—For the men who are fighting for you. Here's a cheer for our dear Alma Mater,—May our

love for her ever be true." Everything is perfect.

The man on my left shouts, "The next yard line is it!" Everyone in the rank shouts to everyone else in the rank, "The

next yard line is it!" The next yard line is what? That's what I want to know. And it isn't long before I find out. Everyone but me stops on the yard line. Perhaps I should have studied violin.

Hybrid: a Definition

JAMES H. FRANCIS

Verbal Expression, 1940-1941

hy'brid (hī'brīd), *n.* [*L. hybrida, hibrida*, the offspring of a tame sow and a wild boar.]
—Webster's.

A HYBRID is a distinct type derived from unlike sources. More specialized or limiting definitions are: "(1) the offspring of the union of the male of one race, variety, species, genus, etc., with the female of another;" "(2) a word composed of elements from different languages."

Hybrid words are quite common in the English language—especially as Americans speak it—because English is based on many other languages and because America's many immigrants tend to combine words of their mother tongue with others of their adopted tongue. An example of a hybrid word is *bureaucracy*, from a French word meaning *bureau* and a Greek word meaning *to rule*. A bureaucracy is a system of carrying on government through various departments.

The hybrids with which most people are best acquainted, however, are plants or animals. Breeders often develop hybrids for a specific purpose, usually the improvement of a standard type or the combination of the assets of two or more different types. The mule, traditional work animal of the South, is a typical example. A mule is a cross between a horse and an ass, and, like many true

hybrids, is incapable of reproduction. This cross-breeding results in an animal with the horse's size, strength, and stamina, and with the ass's ability to withstand heat and hard labor.

Of course, a hybrid is not necessarily an improvement over either of its parents. Controlled hybridization usually produces an improved type, but unplanned cross-breeding often produces inferior types or degenerates. One dictionary defines *hybrid* as a "mongrel or half-breed"—terms generally used with slurring implication.

The word *hybrid* has come to the attention of the American farmers in the Middle-West during the last few years, and is now in the vocabularies of most of them. Hybrid corn—strong stalks which will stand erect in spite of wind and rain; large, evenly spaced ears producing more grain on less acreage; resistance to plant diseases, to drouth, and even to the ravages of insects—this has become the standard crop throughout the corn belt. By inbreeding types with desirable characteristics to obtain the pure strain, and by then crossing several of the pure types thus obtained, commercial producers have developed plants which approach the maximum of efficiency for all kinds of soils and climates in the corn belt. The commercial producers have coined such words as "hi-

bred" and "hy-bred," which they use in reference to their own particular seeds.

Thus the word *hybrid* has come to imply superior quality and high breeding. This favorable implication may be contrasted with the unfavorable connotations of *mongrel* and *half-breed*, which most people have long connected with the

word *hybrid*. When people living in the central states think of hybrids now, they think automatically of better types of plants and animals, because of the commercial stress upon this idea. For just such reasons as this, many words have passed through complete changes in meaning through the years.

B. M. O. C.

ALBERTA MENZEL

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1940-1941

"GET into activities" "The house is going 100% for the X Club"

"Petition for the whoosis committee"

The university student does not exist who has never heard these typical pep talks. The freshman's identification card is hardly warm in his hand when the clamor starts. Do the upperclassmen tell him, "Now here's how to use the library to supplement your class work" or "This is the way you can best remember what you learn"? No—they tell him "Here's how to petition." And every university student knows the repercussions.

"I should go to the library, but there's a Purple Pillow meeting¹"

"I have three meetings that night and an hour exam the next day"

"I haven't read a book outside of assignments since registration—I'm just too busy"

"How can I get more sleep in less time?"

At least one girl is slipping fast because "the house requires us to attend every meeting of the Green Star, the Monday Evening Club, and the Woman's Circle"

Activities, activities, activities! "What did he do in college?" "He was a big success—he had three inches of activities after his name in the *Illio*."

. . . .

The average college student wants to be somebody—and to do it, he plunges into activities. As a rule, the more intelligent he is, the greater his interests, and consequently, the greater his extra-curricular efforts.

Now I certainly have no desire to abolish all activities outside of the classroom. There are, it is true, certain advantages to be gained from an activity—but notice that I use the word in the singular! I believe that the stress should be laid on the student's choosing one activity and not scattering his energies like birdshot.

In the first place, whether we students admit it or not, we're supposedly here for an education. With activities cluttering up the day, a minimum of time is left for that little item known as studying. Every student could leave the university with a really thorough education if he spent more time in the library or in laboratories. The ordinary student

¹Any resemblance to clubs living or dead is absolutely intentional!

never digs deep enough into his course to reach the point where it becomes really interesting. Instead, he gulps down his courses and graduates with an undigested mass of ideas and a string of activities to his credit. His average may be high, even so—but doesn't an education imply having something more than a five point?

Of course, activities should help a freshman to make friends; yet he has opportunity only to make acquaintances. Think of an activity on which you have concentrated at one time—didn't more friendships develop from your participation in it than from your membership in larger groups? One criticism of modern life is that people rarely have a chance to enjoy their friends; this is as true in a university as elsewhere.

Sometimes activities such as French Club and the Hexapoeia supplement what is learned in class, but here again the over-rushed student sits through meetings, plans programs, sells tickets, and raises money until his real object is engulfed in the customary "functions" of a club. Yet think of the stimulating

power a group with a strong common interest could generate, if each member could put the best of his effort into it!

Activities, it is true, vary campus life, but so do a lot of other things. You don't need a club to play tennis or skate or read a book or crochet or see a movie or go dancing; the impedimenta of organizations are not necessary. Where students were formerly held together by bonds of friendship and interest, they must now be united by constitutions, dues, committees, and Roberts' *Rules of Order*.

The great danger on this campus is that, as one woman expresses it, we are "spreading ourselves too thin." Being in several activities means that the student can only skim the surface of each while hastily squeezing his studies to wring grades from them. The freshman who is wise would attend meetings and seek information concerning a number of activities for about three weeks, choose the one which attracts him most, concentrate on it and his courses; then serenely smile while harassed upperclassmen exhort him to "go out for activities!"

The Musical Plumber

He was a tall, handsome, young man with curly blue-black hair and dark Italian features. His dirty, grease-stained shirt stretched over his heavy chest every time he took a breath between phrases of the music, and again each time he wielded the hammer against the corroded joint of the pipe. Whenever one hand was free from the exacting job he was doing, he would send it forth into the air in a magnificently placed gesture which bore an air of triumph and success. He would throw back his head on a high G and grin in the manner of a young boy who has just climbed to the top limb of the highest tree in the neighborhood. He worked to the rhythm of his music and enjoyed it. Picking up a wrench, he placed it on the pipe and began to exercise his great biceps to the anvil beat of the song. The pipe gave way as if the vibrations of his overtones had broken the corroded matter into a million scintillas of nothingness. Upon finishing his song he picked up the hammer again and struck one of the bath-tub pipes with it. "F-sharp," he said to himself and immediately sang, progressively, a dominant-seventh chord in the key of F-sharp. This giving him the key to the "Largo al Factotum" from the *Barber of Seville*, he opened his lungs and gushed forth the staccato babblings of the distinguished hero-braggadocio of Rossini's opera.—THOMAS STEINBACH

Spoon River Valley Coon-Hunt

CARROLL O. MEYER

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1939-1940

THE Spoon River, beginning in the extreme northern part of Illinois, follows an erratic course and finally empties into the Illinois River just opposite the coal docks at Havana. In late spring and early summer the Spoon overflows its banks, and the valley becomes a huge lake; in the summer it provides an ideal place to catch cat-fish, but in the late fall, when the leaves have fallen from the trees and there is a hint of snow in the air, the tall maples and pin-oaks which line its banks reverberate with the baying of coon-hounds.

The Spoon River Valley, especially near the river's mouth, is perfect country for coon-hunting. The clay soil retains the moisture from the spring floods the year round—a boon to the hunter, since damp soil holds the scent better than dry soil does. Coons live here in great numbers, making their dens in the tall hardwoods that grow here, and using the heavy growth of underbrush for protection.

Crashing through thick underbrush on a cold damp night requires plenty of stamina and an even larger quantity of love for the sport; so only the hardier make coon-hunting their regular fall and winter sport. Most of the hunters are relatively poor—poor enough to appreciate the commercial value of the sport, and many coon hides have been sold in order that family larders might be filled.

The dogs used by the coon-hunters are usually mongrels, with hound characteristics predominant. I have seen all breeds of dogs used, from fox terriers to German shepherds. Usually, however,

a dog with a voice like a hound or ears like a hound is preferred. These dogs are selected more for their usefulness than for their pedigree or appearance. The dog must first be able to follow scent. He must be endowed with enough brains (or instinct, if you will) to discern between the scent of game and that of domestic animals. Some hunters demand that the dog be trained to follow only the scent of coon, and they will refuse to claim a dog who runs all night, singing at the brush of an elusive fox. Some hunters prefer open trailers; some prefer silent trailers. If the man is more interested in the price he gets for the coon hide than in the sport of listening to the chase, he will prefer a silent trailer that slips up on the coon and doesn't sound a bark until he has the coon treed. It is important that the dog have a good voice because the best time for coon-hunting is a windy night, and often the dog trees a coon so far from the hunter that the hunter can hardly hear him.

Hunters often become deeply attached to their dogs. My friend Bang, for instance—a boy who graduated from high school with me, and whom I always think of as a typical Spoon River coon-hunter—feeds his dogs before he himself eats. When a hunter finds that he has a good dog, he gives it the best of care and attention. I shall always remember one night last Thanksgiving vacation when I went out with Bang. The night was clear and frosty—far from ideal coon-hunting weather. Bang's dogs had been on what seemed to be a cold track for almost three hours. Every now and then one of the dogs would give up the

track and come in to our lantern. But Red, the old red-bone hound, never gave up, and his deep "oow-oow-oow-oow oooooou" would soon bring the dogs back to the track with fresh hope. The coon was old and wise. Bang said that they had chased that same coon several times in the last couple of weeks, and that the dogs always lost him after he swam the river two or three times. About three o'clock in the morning, two of the dogs had come in to stay, and Red's howl had grown very faint. Suddenly Bang got up from the fire. "Old Red's treed," he announced. I listened, and sure enough I could hear Red's steady, choppy tree bark far on the other side of the river. Bang loaded the revolver, took a couple of flashlights, and headed towards the river. I heard him splashing through the water, but soon all was silent except for Red's incessant barking. Finally I heard the report of the revolver. I put some more wood on the fire and waited. Soon Bang returned, with the triumphant Red at his heels. Both were soaked and appeared to be freezing. As Bang sat on a log in front of the fire, fondling the coon, he said, "I hated like hell to wade that river, but I knew that if I didn't Red would never leave that tree."

I, too, knew that Red wouldn't have left the tree. I had seen him develop, under Bang's training, from "just a good-looking dog" to the best hound I've ever hunted with. Bang had traded an old Airedale to get him. The first night we hunted with him we found why his owner had been willing to trade off so stylish a dog. It was mid-October, and we had gone out soon after dark. We turned Red loose about a mile from the river, and in less than fifteen minutes he struck a track. I remember now that my eyes watered when I heard him strike. A voice like his does things to a boy. I

had seen the movie, *The Voice of Bugle Ann*, and if Ann had a voice like a bugle, Red's was like a philharmonic orchestra. It was four deep bays, all of the same pitch, and then one last bay, beginning at the same pitch but rising until it became inaudible.

That was a night filled with music—and plenty of hills. Red headed straight for the bluffs, leaving no doubt in our minds that he was on a fox trail; a coon would have headed toward the river. We followed that red dog and that red fox until the gray of dawn appeared and then Bang finally succeeded in calling him off the track. As we were heading back to town and an eight o'clock Latin class, I asked Bang if he was going to train Red for foxes.

"No, he's too old to last very long chasing foxes," he replied. "I'm going to try to break him of that. If I can, I'll make him into the best damn coon dog in the county."

They say that you can't teach an old dog new tricks, and I've heard hunters expound loud and long on the theory that a dog that chases fox will never make a good coon dog; but these men didn't know Bang's perseverance. By the end of that same hunting season, Bang had trained Red so well that he would trail nothing but coon or possum. "Whenever old Red opens up, you can be sure he's got his nose pointing toward a coon or possum, and whenever he says 'It's treed,' you can be sure it just takes a little shooting to get some fur to tack to the board." I've followed Red for two years, and Bang doesn't have to argue with me on these points to convince me.

When I was home for Christmas vacation, I went up to see Bang. After an exchange of greetings, he took me out to show me his hounds. There was the old Airedale, and the two pups out of the

Airedale, sired by old Red, but Red himself was not around. Bang told me that Red had caught his last coon that night during Thanksgiving vacation. It seems as though he had a feeling that he was getting too old to do much hunting, and he put everything he had into that last chase. He had given up the same track several times before on nights when it

was easier to follow scent, but on this night (a hunt which Bang had for my special benefit, I guiltily thought to myself), he had kept at it until he finally treed. Well, Bang and I are both sorry to lose a dog like Red, but Bang tells me that when those two pups of Red's get on a trail together, their blended voices sound a good deal like their sire's.

A Country Bewitched

BESSIE KING

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, Summer, 1940

Escape, by Ethel Vance.

The House That Hitler Built, by Stephen H. Roberts

GERMANY was for me a fairy-tale country peopled with spotlessly clean and joyous beings. It was a country filled with song and the warm, pervasive fragrance of beer. It was a country whose beautiful lakes, rivers, plains, and forests were made more beautiful by legend and tradition. But now, though the landscape and the traditions and legends remain, the country is under the spell of an ogre more powerful than any one of story-book fame.

Escape is the story of a victim of the ogre in this bewitched country, Madame Emmy Ritter, an actress, who had returned to Germany to sell her famous family home. She had been imprisoned for depositing the money from the sale in an American bank—a serious political crime. Being gravely ill at the time of her imprisonment, she was moved to a concentration camp and placed under the care of Dr. Ditten, an embittered party member. The remainder of the story concerns the almost hopeless attempt to

rescue Madame Ritter. The plan of rescue is so fantastic as to render the story almost unbelievable; it could happen only in a country which lay under a spell.

The tragedy of *Escape* arises from the unreasoning, sometimes terrified loyalty of the people of this story—a loyalty which they feel will revitalize the fatherland. The author depicts a background of glorious, snow-covered peaks, delightfully quaint old inns and gracious cities, before which is enacted a scene by people whose one underlying emotion is fear. One feels with Mark Preysing, Madame Ritter's artist son, the awful dread which hangs over the lives of any who would go counter to the dictates of the huge Nazi machine.

Whatever doubts one may have about the plausibility of *Escape*, Roberts' *The House that Hitler Built* will disperse them. It begins with the story of Hitler and tries to analyze his complex character. "It is one of the ironies of history," Roberts says, "that world affairs today depend on the accidental contacts of a spoilt down-and-out in the Vienna of thirty years ago—on the resentment complexes of an adolescent who had

failed solely because he refused to submit to authority and had not the stamina to achieve normality."

Although Hitler did not rise to power until 1933, the German people were ready for Hitlerism as early as 1918. Disillusioned by the suffering they had undergone—war, starvation, humiliation—they were ripe for a superman. Hitler was well advertised as that superman. In his rasping voice he played on their emotions—firing them to a fever pitch. He assumed the air of a God-sent leader who would guide Germany out of its Slough of Despond. Roberts points out that the Germans did not want individual freedom. They derived their feeling of strength from being a part of a strong state. Hitler provided them with a myth—a potent feeling of national unity.

Hence Hitler had a fertile field. Although there were set-backs, the growth of the small workers' party, formed immediately after the war, was phenomenal. The party grew to an almost unwieldy size. The many provinces and states of Germany were brought together under the one big state. Sensing a growing revolution of the socialistic Brown Shirts who had lifted him to power, Hitler and his henchmen in one fateful night killed at least seventeen leaders,

many of whom were Hitler's personal friends. After this purge Nationalism grew apace. Imports and exports were juggled in an attempt to balance a bad economic situation; the Gestapo became more and more efficient in discovering treason; Jew-baiting, or the purifying of the race, was climaxed in 1935 when the Nuremberg law relegated Jews, already subjected to every degradation, to a position of serfdom; the military machine—army, navy and air force—was being built on a mammoth scale; imperialism was being preached as the means of regaining Germany's honor.

Roberts carries his discussion of Hitlerism up to 1935, and he concludes the book with this statement: "Hitlerism cannot achieve its end without war; its ideology is that of war." There need be, in 1940, no comment on that prophecy.

Yes, Germany is under the spell of an ogre—an ogre of misdirected emotions, mob hysteria, and propaganda. For what end is the German capacity for sacrifice and heroism being exploited? These two books, *Escape* and *The House That Hitler Built*, do not give the entire answer, but they are well worth reading. They tell a story of which we should like to say, "Utterly fantastic," but are forced to say, "It is all too true."

Woman Smoking

She sat back stiffly in her chair, held her chin high, and surveyed the cards with an air of haughty indifference. Her eyebrows arched unnaturally over coldly quizzical eyes. Like most women smokers, she smoked awkwardly. She held between her thumb and forefinger a cigarette over which at lengthy intervals she hunched, and from which she inhaled deeply until the cigarette glowed. Then she blew out her breath sharply, and the smoke passed from her nostrils and mouth, the twin streams converging into a dense cloud that whirled and hovered over the table and finally dispersed into a fine haze. Her smile, if it can be called a smile, was not contagious; if it were, the world would have far less humor and mirth. Her smile was a momentary lengthening of her thin lips into a straight line as though she had jerked strings attached to each corner. It would be difficult to determine whether she cut it short to make it look less a sneer, or whether she was unwilling to waste any of her precious cheerfulness on anyone.—H. B. CHRISTIANSON

Wildlife Restoration and the Farm

KEITH R. HUDSON

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, Summer, 1940

WHEN the World War broke out in 1914 there were set into motion forces which, aside from military considerations, were to have the most profound effect upon agricultural methods in the United States. Ever since our country's earliest days there had always been good farm land in unneeded abundance, at least in the region east of the Mississippi river, and little effort had been made to clear and cultivate any but the choicest areas. The early farmers had picked the best spots out of a multitude of good ones; their descendants continued to cultivate the same land. Even in the most predominantly agricultural regions many scattered patches were left in their natural state—regarded as waste; in less favorable regions, particularly the Great Plains of the western hinterland, only cattle were to be found. On every eastern and middle-western farm small woodlots were common, and, except in the northern forests where extensive lumbering had been carried on, areas of deciduous woodlands occurred practically in their original state. Wildlife in all forms was quite plentiful, and even game animals suffered little except at the hands of the commercial hunter.

The World War, with its unprecedented demand for foodstuffs, lumber, and other products of the land, caused the American farmer to undertake extensive land clearing and intensive cultivation. Even before our own entrance into the war the millions of Europe's armies and civilian populations were crying for food and more food. Allied purchasing missions scoured the country for raw materials; Allied governments

begged our own for shipments in unlimited quantities. When the United States itself became a belligerent, the strain on the country's natural resources was astounding, and every possible method of increasing production was resorted to.

With the big war boom in agricultural and lumber prices began a fever of exploitation unparalleled in the nation's history. Millions of acres of virgin soil were plowed up, thousands of acres of timber were stripped almost completely bare, and hundreds of drainage-basin areas were drained in order to be sown to crops. Mass production was the watchword. It made no difference whether the land was suited to crops or not; if, as on the Great Plains, for instance, as many as ten bushels of wheat to the acre could be produced, the venture was profitable at the high prices then prevailing. The government cooperated with private enterprise in wringing every last particle of produce from the soil. Nobody gave a thought to the ultimate results of such a policy. If anyone did, he said, "To the devil with the consequences; get while the getting is good!"

Because there was a great shortage of manpower, the farms, especially in the semi-arid west, were expanded as much as possible in order to make fullest use of labor-saving machinery. Every nook and corner that was at all fertile was cleared for cultivation "in order to prevent waste." On the older, smaller farms, fencerows were cleaned out and cultivated as closely as possible; hillsides were broken and planted to crops; narrow valleys were cleared of brush,

plowed, and planted. Some marshes and ponds that had lain in their natural state since time immemorial were drained and planted, sometimes with great success but usually with very little. The price of timber was so high that the farmers cut every last foot of saleable wood from their woodlots, and then, in order not to lose a single dollar, planted corn between the stumps. The wealth of the whole country was being skimmed off the land as cream from milk. No voice was raised to ask what was being put back in return for that taken. No one seemed to have heard about the law of diminishing returns.

It should not be difficult to imagine the effect upon the wildlife of the country of this gigantic program of land clearance and maximum utilization. The wildlife became creatures without homes, like apartment dwellers summarily ejected and left standing in the street with no place to live, nothing to eat, and nowhere to go. Wild animals in every state in the Union died by the millions from starvation caused by the destruction of their food resources, from thirst caused by the draining of collection basins and the consequent drying up of small streams and springs, or from failure to propagate because their nesting refuges were all gone.¹ Many that did not die outright were, like the rabbits of the Western states, slaughtered wholesale to be canned and sent by the shipload to the soldiers at the front. More than ten different species of wild birds and mammals were driven to extinction during the World War or during the early part of the "roaring twenties" immediately afterward. It has been variously estimated that there were upwards of forty to fifty million ducks on the North American continent in 1916. In the seven years following, over thirty million of them

died in what had once been their marshy breeding grounds in the northern United States and Western Canada, their bodies littering the fields in places where they had perished of hunger and thirst. In parts of northern Minnesota and in Saskatchewan and Manitoba the farmers gathered them up by the wagon load for fertilizer. This is only one particularly horrible example out of many.

Now it does not follow that utilization of once-virgin land for agriculture must inevitably result in the extinction or displacement of all, or even most, of the wild creatures that once lived there. One cannot expect, of course, that the conditions of civilization will be wholly as favorable to wildlife as those existing under a state of undisturbed nature, but reasonable utilization of the land can preserve an environment that, while not exactly ideal, is still favorable to wildlife after some adaptation.² The English countryside, with which most Americans are familiar, at least from reading, is an admirable example, even though it has been occupied for hundreds of years. In America, however, when farms take the place of virgin land—whether it be forest, prairie, swamp, marsh, or pond—the environment favorable to wildlife is largely destroyed. The extent of the destruction is dependent upon the thoroughness with which the land is cleared, drained, and cultivated; but, even so, wildlife has remarkable powers of adaptation and can maintain itself fairly well if given half a chance. The smaller creatures are the most adaptable, especially the birds; the larger ones, both

¹*Wildlife and the Land: A Story of Regeneration*. Washington, D. C. Special Committee on the Conservation of Wildlife Resources, 75th Congress, 1st Session, 1937.

²Wallace B. Grange, and W. L. McAtee, *Improving the Farm Environment for Wildlife*. Washington, D. C. United States Department of Agriculture, 1934.

birds and mammals, begin to disappear at once if their environment is seriously disturbed. Some creatures seem actually to benefit from a preliminary opening up of virgin land, especially if it has been largely an area of timber. Nearly all birds up to the size of crows, and nearly all mammals up to the size of rabbits apparently profit from the diversification of cover and the cleaning out of trees which, when too thick, prevent the growth of the small food plants which most non-predatory small animals live upon. Birds eat weed seeds and insects, which in a dense forest are at a minimum. But, as cultivation becomes more and more intensive—as woodlots are cut down, fencerows grubbed out, and fence corners and other small waste areas brought under cultivation—even the smaller forms of wildlife find the environment unsuitable, and begin to decline.

The environment favorable to wildlife is destroyed by intensive cultivation because such a practice deprives the animals of food and protective cover. The big mammals go first because they are most conspicuous and require the most cover, the most food, and the largest range. Large creatures require not only brush, but woods or forest to hide them from their enemies. This is particularly true of the large, non-predatory animals which are hunted by both man and the large, carnivorous beasts. It is entirely impossible for such animals as moose, elk, and the large bear to survive in regions which are thickly settled and widely cultivated, nor is it desirable that they should, except, perhaps, in limited numbers. Even such animals as wolves, coyotes, and cougars soon disappear after the large, non-predatory animals are gone. Mankind and big game are unable to exist long, side by side.

But the small animals up to the lesser deer can be maintained in cultivated regions without great inconvenience to the people, and with very real economic and esthetic advantages. It is only necessary to maintain some of the conditions that prevailed when the land was first cleared, and to see that the refuges of the animals are not encroached upon. Pioneer agriculture is the start of the whole thing, when natural refuges are created by the opening of feeding areas in the forests by lumbering. Where the trees are not so thick the small animals can find more food and are at the same time protected from their larger enemies who are forest denizens. Small birds up to the size of the crow profit by the breaking up of land and the cutting down of trees, which uncover or shake down food that the birds have otherwise been unable to reach. Yet the light remaining cover is sufficiently dense to protect the small birds and mammals from the elements and from predatory enemies that are too large to hide in light cover.

What finally drives the small creatures out of intensely cultivated areas is that their temporary "boom" environment, caused by preliminary clearing of land, gradually gives way to a "depression" environment, caused by the destruction of their food sources and cover. The extra supply of food that is provided by preliminary clearing is soon eaten up, and if intensification progresses so that the small animals are crowded closer and closer into the few remaining wild areas they will soon die off. When they are too crowded, they are subject to famine, to exposure, to disease, and to predators who take advantage of the abnormal concentration.

Many who contemplate the disappearance of wildlife will say, "Oh, well! It

is inevitable that the animals make way for progress." Progress indeed! It has been wisely said that, "When nearly all the land on a large area has been cultivated and practically all tree and shrub growth has been eliminated, agriculture has certainly been intensified to its own disadvantage."³ When small birds are deprived of cover and nesting sites they emigrate or die off, leaving the farmer to cope from year to year with an ever-increasing insect and weed menace. What does it avail the farmer if he labors for a year to clear off twenty-five percent more land to plant corn or wheat on, and then loses half his crop from insects the following year? Even if only the game birds are gone the farmer suffers, for, although these birds are not so effective as the songsters in insect and weed destruction, the farmer is deprived of the sport and the considerable supply of meat that hunting them could provide. The small mammals are good game, too, and, if properly protected during the breeding season, will maintain their numbers quite satisfactorily. It is all so very simple: give the animals a few *scattered* places to live, don't destroy their food supply, and they will repay the consideration fivefold in either cash or pleasure. What is true of upland animals and birds is true also of migratory waterfowl and, to a lesser extent, fish. There are farmers in New York who make as much as three hundred dollars a year renting blinds on their private ponds to duck hunters at ten dollars a day. There are at least three pounds of good meat on a normal-sized duck, and to the farmer himself such a bird is worth at least seventy-five cents as food. A three-pound trout raised in the farmer's own pool is worth at least fifty cents in any man's money. A farmer who harvests his own game crop or rents hunting

privileges will be dollars richer with little effort to himself. Game, unlike domestic stock, will take care of itself if it has its natural food to eat, and all the farmer will have to do is see that not all the animals are killed off and that some are left over the winter for propagation. Ducks come back year after year to the same nesting grounds; quail from a single covey have been known to live within a mile-square area for as long as fifty generations, although periodically hunted.

Over-intensive cultivation, besides destroying the wildlife supply, has other, perhaps even more serious, disadvantages for the farmer. If he farms his land too heavily, the soil, given no rest, is slowly exhausted of its vital elements, and he is discouraged by poor crops. Again he faces the demonstration of the law of diminishing returns. If the farmer clears all the land he can in order to sell yearly surpluses of staples in an already glutted market, he is being not only unwise but ridiculous. In effect he is working more and more to get less and less. The Government, through the Department of Agriculture, the Biological Survey, the Forestry Service, and the Soil Conservation Service, has been trying to convince him of these facts for years. Too intensive cultivation deprives the soil of its natural vegetative cover, and, as a result, the land is subject to destructive water erosion which can nullify the value of a farm altogether. Lack of trees for windbreaks is also a serious consideration, whether it be on a farm in the South or the North, the East or the West. Conditions do vary somewhat in the different areas, but, in general, lack of field windbreaks causes the farmer's crops to dry up in the summer, frost in the spring, and fail to store up

³*Ibid.*

the winter snow which is desirable for conservation of moisture. Dryness of topsoil and an unbroken sweep assist the wind in blowing away the topsoil when it has been deprived of its protective sub-vegetative cover. In the north, lack of trees lets roads drift over in winter when they should be protected by living wind-break snow-fences, and poor protection about the farm buildings themselves increases the farmer's heating problems. Lack of windbreak trees for orchard borders causes fruit trees to attain too-early spring growth, with the consequent danger of later freezing. Further, the farmer lacks wood for fuel, fence posts, and building materials, and for the lumber market.

It is within the power of almost any farmer to make his lands attractive to most forms of desirable native wildlife if he will, and he doesn't have to kill himself doing it.⁴ He can, for instance, take measures to restore the cover and nesting areas for birds and small mammals, if these have been destroyed. All he has to do is to let a little brush grow here and there—in hollows, along fence-rows, and in fence corners; or, at the most, to plant a few food and cover-shrubs about his farm where they will not interfere with its normal operation. Small birds live in these places, and the larger upland game birds and mammals will delight in the protection of a little brush left to grow in gullies that will retrograde without this vegetative binder anyway. Scattered brush- and wood-lots left in strategic places so that the animals will not be crowded are ideal for upland game. If the farmer has a small pond or marsh area on his land he will be amazed at the life that will be supported there if he will see to it that two or three essential kinds of food plants are growing there. Anything done to restore the

food supply of the wild things will be amply repaid. It does not cost him much to leave an occasional corn shock standing, hollowed out so that the quail and pheasants can get at the corn inside when winter ice covers the ground. It does not deprive him of much to leave, near cover, of course, a row of corn here or there, or a few rows of wheat or other small grain. Small mammals do not usually present such a food problem as do birds; they get along very nicely if they have only a few places for shelter from the elements and from their enemies. Once or twice during the winter, for a week or so, it will pay the farmer to resort to artificial feeding when the animals are near starvation after a particularly hard storm or cold wave. The farmer can tempt migratory waterfowl with wild celery and other aquatic plants in the spring; he can keep down predators that prey on all valuable wildlife by occasional trapping or shooting, if necessary. And, *most of all*, he can ruthlessly discourage the kind of self-styled "sportsman" who considers it his constitutional prerogative to burst in at a far corner of the farmer's land, kill or cripple every single individual of a covey of quail or other game bird, bag (probably) a cow or two, and depart as quickly as he can, leaving a broken fence behind him. Such morons are insufferable.

Aside from the indirect benefits, the farmer can derive considerable direct profit from an intelligent game-restoration and game-management program on his farm. Many farmers, especially in the East, make from two to three hundred dollars a year from trapping, if they have a fairly large farm that they have made attractive to fur-bearing animals.

⁴Loomis Havemeyer (Editor); *Conservation of Our Natural Resources*. New York City, The Macmillan Company, 1937.

Some go in for game breeding on a more or less limited scale, all in their spare time, and sell game birds and mammals to shooting preserves, sportsmen's clubs, game sanctuaries, or other breeders. Unlike ordinary farm produce there is usually a ready sale for game animals. Groups of farmers can even go together and organize group shooting preserves, on the order of the Williamstown (Michigan) Hunting Exchange Association, selling tickets to selected sportsmen—the real kind—who are glad to pay for hunting privileges on land that is well-stocked and that is not overrun with the irresponsible brotherhood who make life equally as dangerous for human beings and livestock as for the game itself. One hunting association in Ohio, comprising a number of farms and 24,000 acres of land, realized an average of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per member in one season in 1938. A well-stocked farm of two hundred acres or more, where the number of hunters who may pursue their sport on any one day is limited and where the farmer reserves the right to examine the game bag, is a Mecca to which real enthusiasts will drive a hundred miles to shoot over. The farmer should think about this. He can't lose.

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First Semester

When I came to college this fall, I was enthusiastically earnest. I came for an education. Feeling that I was headed for my goal, I worked hard and conscientiously. My object at the time was high grades; they seemed the means to my end. For six weeks my happiness was complete. As I was not carrying many hours of work, there was time to study thoroughly and to play too. When time for recreation came, I enjoyed whatever I did whole-heartedly, more than would have been possible had I not applied myself during the week. The fascination of the situation lay in the fact that I enjoyed everything that I did. My mind was alert and awake all the time. But now, somehow, I have lost that faculty of living keenly that I then possessed. The incentive is gone. Perhaps it was the novelty of college. At any rate, whatever it was is no more. Mental stimulation is needed; my mental habits are lazy; I slide over things without realizing that they are happening. I neither resent nor appreciate things as I should. My mind is passive.—JEANNE KNOX

Colossus on the Columbia

ARNOLD KOHNERT

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1939-1940

THROUGH the state of Washington flows the mighty Columbia, the second largest river in the United States. Thousands of years ago it was even larger than it is today, but a series of mammoth lava flows, seven of them in all, tried in vain to cover the thundering torrent and succeeded only in piling on its banks huge mounds of soft ashes. Then came the great Cordilleran ice sheets spreading downward from the North and carrying with them tons of earth, rock, and sand to pack down the soft banks of the river. Slowly the mass mounted in height until it blocked the rushing water with a natural dam that was over 800 feet high. Turning southward the river began anew its task of cutting through the layers of soil, and before long it had formed an immense gorge that was thousands of feet deep and in some places fifty miles across. At one place there was formed a cataract that was four times higher and a great deal wider than the famous Niagara Falls. Professor H. Betz of the University of Chicago describes it as "the greatest example of glacial stream erosion in the world."¹ As the water plunged seaward it formed a huge basin of fertile land out of the arid lands that surrounded the Rockies, but the rich agricultural lands were destined not to remain. Nature had again changed her mind and now was busy melting the mammoth dam she had so thoroughly constructed. When the last of the ice gave way to the sun, the Columbia returned to its original and lower course, leaving its new path a barren ditch full

of strange stratum and rock formations. The western folk call these depressions in the plateaus "Coulees," and thus was given the name of Grand Coulee to the now dry bed of the Columbia.

As the West was rapidly being settled, there was a great deal of speculation among its people on the possibilities of again damming the rushing Columbia and thus providing the dry, sandy farms of the basin with water. Herbert Hoover, while he was Secretary of Commerce, tried hard to encourage some development of the Columbia, and Coolidge knew the need of such an undertaking when he told a group in Philadelphia that "the Columbia Basin project is not far distant."² But the Grand Coulee was a lifelong dream of one President who finally had the good fortune to sign the very bills that provided the government funds necessary for the construction. Back in 1920 while he was campaigning for the Vice-Presidency, Franklin D. Roosevelt noticed during his tour through the state of Washington "all of that water running down unchecked to the sea."³ A few hours later he was telling Spokane listeners that some day it would be developed to serve "thousands of citizens just like us."⁴ Later, in his presidential campaign, he again showed his desire for Grand Coulee's development: "The next hydro-electric development to be undertaken by the

¹Grace Kirkpatrick, "Building the World's Great Dam," *Travel*, 67 (Sept., 1936), 25.

²Richard L. Neuberger, "Biggest Thing on Earth," *Harpers*, 174 (Feb., 1927), 257.

³Richard L. Neuberger, "Colossus in the West," *New Republic*, 97 (Jan. 18, 1939), 310.

⁴*Ibid.*

Federal government must be that of the Columbia River."⁵ About a year later he signed a bill granting \$63,000,000 to start the construction. Not only were prominent national figures behind this undertaking but also many local men like Rufus Woods, Gale Mathews, and William Clipp. These citizens did their part by printing ideas for the project in the *Daily World*, a small newspaper of Wenatchee, and later they enlarged their group by forming the Columbia River Development League. Thus by the fall of 1933 the way was paved for the greatest engineering undertaking that was ever attempted in the United States.

Before the foundation of the \$400,000,000 dam could be started, it was necessary for the engineers to locate bed rock or solid granite upon which to place the tremendous weight of the concrete. To insure accurate results the engineers used three methods to locate a solid base. They started by sending electric shocks into the ground to determine the rock depth by the length of time between the original shocks and the reflected impulses. This was followed by electrically driven diamond drills that could take samples of the earth at various levels. But the final test, always necessary for complete results, was a pit dug into the earth just as any mining shaft would be sunk. By this procedure the engineers at last found a huge layer of solid granite 280 feet below the surface.

Already preliminary supplies had arrived on the location. Transporting materials to the dam was indeed a costly factor on this particular project, for there was neither a road nor a railroad within twenty miles. The only solution was to build one or the other, and it later proved worthwhile to build both. Much of the hauling expense was cut

down considerably by the uncovering of a gravel pit near the dam. It was also discovered that the huge supply of cement could be blown through an eleven inch pipe instead of being hauled by freight. After reaching the dam this cement was stored in large silos that fed the world's largest mixers.⁶ These were two mammoth buildings, eight stories in height, which were given the names of Westmix and Eastmix to facilitate the giving of directions. To insure a capacity production of cement these mixers were entirely controlled by electricity. Light flashes in the main control room recorded to the second every step in the process. Sixteen seconds elapsed during the loading, two minutes ticked by while the mass was agitated in the mixer, and six seconds later the wet material was on freight cars heading for the dam. The containers were eight-ton buckets placed on flat cars at the top of the grade overlooking the dam. By telephone connections it was possible for the workmen below to signal the exact time they were ready for delivery. At the dam the cement was poured in layers of five feet so that it could be cooled in a short time. Cooling was done by means of pipes carrying water from the Columbia. If the engineers had waited for the heat that was formed by the chemical reactions to leave the cement naturally, they would have had to wait 150 years.⁷ But with the aid of the Columbia the mass was cooled in thirty days. Thermometers were even imbedded deep in the heart of the cement blocks to keep the engineers informed as to the exact state of the concrete at any time.

⁵Richard L. Neuberger, "Biggest Thing on Earth," *Harpers*, 174 (Feb., 1937), 257.

⁶R. G. Sherrett, "Grand Coulee Progresses," *Scientific American*, 159 (Dec., 1938), 299.

⁷"Portfolio of New Deal Constructions," *Fortune*, 14 (Nov., 1936), 11.

After the dam was completed, eighteen pumps of enormous capacity were installed to lift 1,800,000 tons of water an hour up to the Grand Coulee reservoir.⁸ Since this water will be retained in order to insure a constant supply for the basin below, there will be formed an artificial lake that is fifty-one miles across. The power for these pumps will, of course, come from the generators on the upper and lower dams. These combined generators will have a total output of 2,640,000 horsepower.⁹ So great is the power that is developed that the cost will be extremely low, and with the receipts from the sale of some of this power the Federal government believes it can pay for the dam in twenty or thirty years. The exact cost of the power to the farms surrounding the dam will be 2.25 mills per kilowatt hour, but it will be raised slightly for some of the distant cities.¹⁰

In building this 4,290 foot dam, the contractors met with many problems that are seldom realized when one views only the finished project. One big difficulty was the diversion of the river during the actual construction. Tunnels for this mighty river were far too costly, and besides they would surely have lengthened the building time beyond the specified limit. So the contractors built two circular coffer dams 3,000 feet long. These dams diverted the water into the center of the river, while the permanent dam was built out from the two banks up to the very edge of the water. Then as the water flowed through the spillways in the completed portions of the dam, another coffer dam held the water away from the center when the original two were removed. Thus the dam had been placed across a huge volume of rushing water without checking it or causing it to leave its bed.

On one occasion 2,000,000 cubic yards

of earth started sliding down into a ravine near the east coffer dam. The contractors hastily constructed a dry dam to halt the landslide, but it failed. When they saw that their powerful shovels could not remove the excess rapidly enough, they inserted 2,000 miles of pipes through 377 holes at various depths of the soil. Then by joining these to two ammonia compressors that produced eighty tons of ice a day, they froze the earth into one solid mass.

A universal problem at most of our American dams is the disposal of removed earth. The engineers at Grand Coulee devised a belt conveyor that carried the earth a mile and a half to a nearby coulee.¹¹ Here, after lifting the soil 500 feet into the air, the conveyor inverted itself over Rattlesnake Canyon. In a good day's work it was able to move 51,000 cubic yards of earth, and in all 15,000,000 cubic yards of material were carried from the dam.

The problem of a leak in the east coffer dam almost proved fatal to the entire project. When the hole increased in size until 35,000 gallons of water were pouring out a minute, the contractors tried to check the flow with a dike around the gap. But they failed to get a satisfactory structure in front of the swirling torrent and decided to try filling the hole from the inside. For a filler they used a large quantity of grout, a substance familiar to all engineers because of its usefulness for sealing any cracks or crevices in cement, rock, or earth. It is a mixture of sawdust, cement, shavings,

⁸Grace Kirkpatrick, "Building the World's Great Dam," *Travel*, 67 (Sept., 1936), 25.

⁹Grace Kirkpatrick, "On a Natural Dam Site, Grand Coulee Dam," *Scientific American*, 152 (April, 1935), 199.

¹⁰"More Power for the Northwest: Grand Coulee Project," *Review of Reviews*, 89 (Jan., 1934), 49.

¹¹R. G. Sherrett, "Grand Coulee Progresses," *Scientific American*, 159 (Dec., 1938), 296.

and Bentonite (a light, loose earth that swells to about thirty times its original volume when it becomes wet). After pouring tons of grout into the huge hole, the contractors finally slowed the flow of water to only 200 gallons per minute. This was easily controllable.

A minor difficulty to engineers but a grave concern to industries and conservation organizations is the salmon spawning. Thomas A. E. Tally, chairman of the Washington State Game Commission, firmly believes that the fish in this area will become extinct, and his opinion is shared by the *Astorian Budget Press*.¹² In one editorial it declared, "If the fish do manage to pass above Bonneville on their way to spawning grounds, Grand Coulee will surely shut them off . . . and the difficulties and expense of building adequate fishways in connection with such a structure are insurmountable."¹³ This is not necessarily true, for other dams have proved there are successful ways of meeting this situation. If little pools of running water are built around the dam, the fish can leap past the structure by raising themselves gradually. The fish that will not go up by this means may be raised by a ladder that lifts them up through a column of water. In addition to these aids a hatchery is being built in front of the dam.

The completed dam of Grand Coulee will bring about an ideal reclamation of the Columbian territory in the arid West, but some financial difficulties have arisen about the sale of land in the basin. Land speculation always runs high when a project shows a chance of enriching property. At Grand Coulee some land that used to sell at a dollar an acre is now for sale at sixty to seventy dollars per acre. One small piece of property changed hands six times in a couple of weeks, and the last owner recently re-

fused 2,500 dollars.¹⁴ Of course, poor people cannot pay these exorbitant prices, and the government is rapidly taking steps to check the entire sale of all land except under federal supervision. But in spite of this difficulty of land ownership there are great possibilities in the million and some acres of land that are now receiving a much needed supply of water. When the full electrical development of the dam is completed, there will be sufficient power to supply 30,000 farms of forty acres each.¹⁵ Even heat for these farms will be provided by electricity. Thus the area should make ideal homes for approximately 1,500,000 people in the very near future.

I am sure that the feeling of many Americans is expressed in a statement by a minister who had spent his entire life in the Columbia River valley. "You know," he told a friend one day, "for years I have been reading about the building of the biggest battleships, the biggest bombing planes, and the biggest artillery on earth. It thrills me immeasurably to stand above the great dam and see ingenuity put to useful rather than destructive purposes. Thank God that some of the biggest things on earth are to make life better rather than to end life!"¹⁶

¹²James Rorty, "Grand Coulee," *Nation*, 140 (March 20, 1935), 330.

¹³*Ibid.*, 330.

¹⁴James Rorty, *op. cit.*, 329.

¹⁵Richard L. Neuberger. "Colossus in the West," *New Republic*, 97 (Jan. 18, 1939), 311.

¹⁶Richard L. Neuberger, *op. cit.*, 311.

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Rhet as Writ

(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)

If you have a buddy, slip a spear pole through his mouth and gills, having a man at each end.

. . . .

The whole book *The Big Barn* was written around a barn, and is just what the name implies because it was a big barn.

"His most characteristic habit is when he is excited or enraged in any way, he paces up and down the room like a panther scraping the vest of his suit with a sharp pocket knife."

. . . .

Onto the field trotted the men who compromised our team.

A Garland for Quiller-Couch

1. There are many fields in the world of books. 2. But these fields do not go together. 3. This field interfered with my most important field. 4. Already this field has been playing a large part in my life. 5. I have not entered into many of these fields. 6. In reading books, I like to travel from one field to another. 7. My heart was not in that field any longer. 8. I finally got a taste of all three fields. 9. I buried myself in that field for several years.

—from a set of essays on "My Reading."

Honorable Mention

- E. L. BIBERSTEIN—Splendid Isolation?
MARTHA LOU BOTHWELL—Tuesday Morning in College
J. E. CARLSON—The Post-impressionist School of Painting
HAROLD EISENBERG—Speed
SHIRLEY ELVIS—Stern-wheeler
H. P. GUIMARAES—Mathematics
J. L. GUYON—Cattle Drive
JULIAN HAMILTON—Armament for the United States
EDWARD HOLMGREN—And So They Buried Him
JOAN MALACH—Handlebar Hank
TED MAYHALL—Backstage
SUZANNE MESSINGER—Why? How Come?
BOB MITCHELL—The World's Largest Telescope
ALICE RODKEY—Kolno to Lida—Third Class
JOHN RAINEY—Debut
STUART ROSENCRANZ—Death and the Factors X and Y
JEANNETTE ROSS—On Writing Verse
JULIUS RUBINSTEIN—Salesmen Wanted
BYRON SISTLER—The Editor
MARTIN STOKER—The Reconstruction Finance Corporation
ADRA THIRY—Atlantis
JANE VON MEHREN—Troubles in Germany, 1933
C. WOLF—The Electrical Concept of Matter
MARTIN YOUNG—Imperialism of the United States in the Spanish-American War
JOHN ZAMECNIK—The Knights of Labor, 1869-1890

